Lust or Loathe

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Lust or Loathe

by onmywayhome

Summary

After getting out of Baltimore State Hospital, Will has fantasies about killing Hannibal. After his first therapy session after being released, his fantasies change.

(smut in both chapters)

Notes

in the first chapter they dont actually have sex, Will only imagines it. Next chapter they will I promise

Drift Away

Will ached for Hannibal, though he was not sure if it was out of lust or loathe, he told himself he loathed him but it still didn't feel quite right. He had fantasized of hurting Hannibal, stabbing him and letting him bleed out on the floor as he watched his chest slow down from breathing while he laid limp on the floor, shooting him in the head with his body wriggling on the floor as pools of blood spilled from the wound in his his head, or killing him with only his hands. Whether that's beating him to death, punching his face until it's an unrecognizable red mess of what's left of his brain or choking him, wrapping his fingers around his neck, squeezing until his face turned purple and the life faded from his eyes.

No matter what he imagined, he always came back from his fantasies with an erection. He wasn't sure what that meant and he didn't know how to ask his psychiatrist about it, the man who had been the one in his fantasies, but he had never acted on it, he just tried his best to ignore it.

It was going to be hard being around Hannibal, with these… situations he would think of at night now seeping into his days. He was lucky Alana had managed to convince Jack to keep him from cases for at least a little bit now that he was out of Prison. It spared him from the embarrassment of having to hide the growing in his pants from his co-workers. Though unlucky for him, after Jack agreed to keep him from cases, he still insisted that Will still go talk to Hannibal at least once a week.

His first appointment with Dr. Lecter since getting out of prison was coming up. He wasn't sure how he was going to deal with his mind wandering and pants getting tighter around the man that had been the one to cause it but he needed to figure something out.

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The day came, his first session with Hannibal since being released. He buttoned up his shirt while thinking of ways to control where his mind goes. I could find a safe space for my mind to go- but thinking about murdering Hannibal was his safe space, it gave him joy, among other things. I could cancel the meeting, tell him I'm sick- Hannibal would be able to tell that something was off, he'd find some way around it.

By the end of his thoughts, trying to think of excuses not to go, he found himself at the door of Dr. Lecter's office, ready to knock, hand already clenched into a fist hovering in front of the door. His mind must have distracted him so much he didn't realize he was driving himself over, it must have been on instinct.

It only took two knocks before the doctor came practically running to open the door for his very missed patient. Will would have attacked the man right then and there but ultimately decided against it, not sure how his body would react to him doing the real thing instead of just imagining it.

"Please, come in Will." Hannibal insisted, holding out his arm. Will entered, trying not to make eye contact with the doctor and thinking of ANYTHING except for where his mind

usually went. He sat in the chair he usually did, looking down at his lap, twiddling his thumbs. Hannibal stood near his desk instead of sitting across from his patient, he looked at the brown curls on Will's head, Will not allowing him to see his face.

"You alright, Will? You seem lost." The doctor said,

"Well how would you feel if you just got out of prison from being framed for killing and eating people." he laughed, only looking up from his lap a little bit, looking in Hannibal's direction but still not at his face. The doctor laughed with him, slowly walking over to his chair and sitting down.

"Has anything changed since getting out? Psychologically wise?" he asked, Will almost burst from his hidden rage at the question, the doctor knew what he had done to the poor man yet still chose to ask this question. He pushed his anger far enough down to answer the question without lashing out somehow.

"Somewhat,"

"Elaborate," he urged. Will sighed, preparing to do exactly what he didn't want to do, would even just talking about it get him hard? Only one way to find out.

"I've been having… fantasies… of a sort." He tried to keep it vague to not embarrass himself,

"What's happening in these fantasies?" He was going to make this hard for Will to avoid, he just sat there in silence for a bit, prolonging his answer for as long as possible.

"I'm hurting someone,"

"Hurting how?"

"I'm killing them, different ways every time." Hannibal smiled at his response, feeling somewhat proud.

"Who is the person in these fantasies?" Will cleared his throat, he had to answer, Hannibal probably already knew it was him in these made-up situations Will had created knowing what he'd put him through.

"... You." He finally answered, Hannibal's smile grew larger at the response, happy to be the one on Will's mind for weeks, no matter the context of how or why.

"I see, how do you feel about these fantasies?" Every question he asked had Will stressed about how to answer, his brain trying to go to his 'safe place' of trying to murder Hannibal in various different ways.

"I enjoy them." Part of him hoped this answer would start a fight between them, he'd be able to kill (or at least severely injure) Hannibal like he'd been wanting to for so long. Another part of him wanted to run straight out of the office and get back home to his dogs and never leave his house again.

“So I take it you don't want me to help stop these from happening?” He said as he lifted himself from his chair and slowly walked towards Will who still hadn’t looked up.

“I guess not, no.” Will responded, feeling Hannibal near him, practically sweating from the distance.

“Understandable,” He said as he reached his hand down, grabbing onto the side of Will's face and finally making him look up at him with his beautiful blue eyes. “I wouldn’t want to stop something you enjoy.” He said as he rubbed his thumb on Will’s cheek.

Will became flushed as what he feared most would start happening. His pants grew tighter as his dick got harder. He quickly got up from his chair,

“I have to go and… walk my dogs.” He left the room, cutting their session short, Hannibal smiled as he watched Will leave, proud of what he had done to him. Will practically ran to his car, trying to ignore his growing feeling, just needing to get home.

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He finally got home, his erection had not gotten any softer. He rushed to his room and kicked off his shoes to comfortably lay down on his bed and keep his mind distracted. Since he was stressed and freaking out his mind defaulted to going to his usual safe space, but it was infected. Instead of the usual Will killing Hannibal, this time, Hannibal was able to get the knife from Will.

His hand unbuckled his belt and pulled down the zipper of his pants, he reached his hand past the waistband of his boxers. His eyes were closed as his mind played a movie for him, Hannibal holding a knife to Will’s throat, threatening to take his life with one simple movement, spilling his blood across the floor and watching him bleed out.

His hand moved to his cock, his breathing getting heavier as moved his hand up and down and the fantasy constantly changing, as if going through tv channels, trying to find the one where he wins the fight and is finally able to kill Hannibal again, but with every one he thinks of Hannibal is always able to overpower him. He didn’t want to enjoy it but he did, enjoyed how Hannibal looked, how he was able to take over Will. He bit his lip and moaned through his teeth, the stimulation of his hand and the image of Hannibal, his body finally getting the attention it had been wanting.

The last fight he let play out in his mind, Hannibal pinned Will to the floor, a knife in hand. The knife shined the threat of death in the midst of the dark room that appears to be Hannibal's kitchen, Hannibal's eyes pierced Will, as if he was looking through him. Will stared up at him, his eyes pleading for him not to kill him. His legs kept Will pinned to the floor, Will’s erection grew in his dream as it did as he laid in his bed, Hannibal's hips moved against Will’s crotch, he held the knife up to Will's throat, he arched his neck with shaky breath against the blade, it pressed against his skin but with not enough pressure to break through.

“Please,” he breathed out as he grabbed onto Hannibal's thigh and moved his hips along with the others to try and get more friction between them. Hannibal resisted the strength of his

hands and moved back from Will's crotch and took the hand that wasn't holding the knife and moved it between his legs to the belt holding onto Will's jeans, he slid them from his pants and unzipped his fly. He pulled down the waistband of his boxers and released Will's aching erection. What was his hand in real life became Hannibals in his mind, holding onto him, feeling him, pleasing him. He let out a sharp gasp at the touch of his soft hand, the blade pressed harder, but still not tearing through the skin of his neck. He moved his hand from Hannibal's thigh to his belt desperate to see more of him, he didn't flinch at the movement, acting as if Will wasn't even doing anything, just continued to please him with his hand.

He let go of Will's length and started pulling at the fabric that encaged his legs, Will kicked off his shoes in order to help further assist the taking off of his clothes. He was able to get his pants past his feet, it laid on the floor behind them. Will had gotten Hannibal's cock out from the encasement of his silk suit pants, he dropped the knife from Wills neck and onto the floor, he turned Will onto his stomach and twisted his arm around his back, he whined at the pain of his chest hitting the floor then his arm being coiled around himself. He let go of his arm and grabbed onto his waist, he pulled him up and placed him in front of his hungry and eager cock. Will pressed his shaky forearms against the cold kitchen floor to try and support his body, Hannibal fiercely pulled Will's hips back onto his cock, his pre-cum being the closest thing to lube that covered him.

He could feel his cock in his mind but not his body, he could only imagine how it felt inside him, now desperately wanting- needing- to know what it would do to him outside of his mind. The moans from his dream drifted to reality, he was thankful that all his roommates were dogs who couldn't understand the noises that came from his bedroom. Hannibal's cock stabbed inside him, making no haste, in Will's mind he loved the feeling yet still not knowing what it would be like, it was arousing yet frustrating, he tried not to let his frustration take him from the entrancing dream, but it was hard to ignore, he just needed to know what it felt like.

His eyes slowly faded to black as he woke up and came in his hand with a moan of Hannibal's name. He came back to consciousness with his hand still in his pants and his chest heaving as he tried to catch his breath, the image of his psychiatrist was an odd thing for him to be turned on by but he still was nevertheless. He took his hand from his pants and stared at what he had left in his palm, he got up and cleaned himself off in the bathroom as if nothing had happened. When his mind had run off in the engaging dream of Hannibal he hadn't realized he'd been pleasuring himself, his mind didn't realize what his body was doing, as if it was by instinct although having never done it before.

Eye's Open

Chapter Summary

Will goes to his next therapy session and Hannibal pesters him about his fantasies, one thing leads to another and they fuck on Hannibals desk

Chapter Notes

srry if this took too long but I tried my best !! hope you like it (everything is consensual don't worry)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

He sat in his car with his hands placed on the wheel, all his fantasies had changed since his last meeting with Hannibal, his will-power had weakened and he was barely able to stop himself from putting a hand down his pants with every dream he had. He didn't know how their next session might affect him and he wasn't sure if he wanted to find out. Even though his mind was yelling at him to turn around and just lay down for the rest of the day, he went against himself and got out of the car. He could feel the sweat already building up inside him, his heart pounded against his ribs as alarms went off in his head that he tried to ignore while he knocked on the door.

Hannibal seemed to be feeling the complete opposite, opening the door with an excited smile that Will couldn't bring himself to look at. From what Will could see, it seemed the psychiatrist had dressed down from what he usually wears. He didn't have his usual tie or matching vest under his suit jacket, he wore a white button up tucked into silk pants along with a suit jacket draping over his shoulders.

Will still refused to meet with Hannibal's eyes, only letting them go as high up as his chest- which seeing his slightly unbuttoned shirt wasn't helping- he pushed his way past the psychiatrist and over to his seat, just wanting to get their session over with. Hannibal stayed at the door for a few extra seconds before speaking:

"Very eager to get started today I see." He started walking towards the chair that sat across from his patient.

"I just have something to get to soon," liar.

"You should've formed your plans around therapy, I intend for you to stay here the full hour this time instead of running out of the room only 10 minutes in."

“I was hoping to leave in 5 this time,” he laughed, Hannibal laughed along with him. Although it wasn’t a joke, Will was being 100% serious. He couldn’t look at a single part of Hannibal without worrying about getting an erection so he needed to find a way to get out.

“Have your dreams changed at all since our last meeting?” Just going straight into the pointed questions, he somehow knew what to say in order to worry Will. Will cleared his throat, preparing how to answer knowing Hannibal would know- or somehow probably already does know- what exactly was happening in these dreams of Will’s.

“Uhm, somewhat.” Hannibal tilted his head,

“In what way? Do you still find enjoyment in them?” Will definitely enjoyed the feeling just not in the same way as he used to.

“Yes, I do.”

“How have they changed, Will?” His heart rate kicked up, he cleared his throat before speaking,

“I’ve stopped killing you.” Hannibal frowned in disappointment but his interest was piqued.

“What happens in them?” Will’s eyes darted to the door, he started trying to form an escape plan.

He noticed the movement of Will’s head shooting towards the exit, something he’d anticipated might happen. “If you’re thinking of leaving in order to dodge the question, I’m very sorry but I have locked the door in preparation of your escape.” fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck fu-

“You have to answer the question, Will.”

He sighed, trying to think of the most vague answer he could give that might satisfy Hannibal. “You, uhm… you get on top of me,” Will immediately noticed the odd framing of his sentence but didn’t know how to un-do the words that fell from his mouth. Hannibal smiled, going either way he had in mind makes him happy. He was either killing him or bending him over.

“Then what?” He pushed in a low voice, Will placed his head in his hands and scoffed.

“You know what you’re doing, Dr. Lecter.” He said exhausted, practically to the point of tears. Hannibal leaned forward in his chair, resting his elbows on his thighs.

“What am I doing then?” he teased while keeping his low tone,

“You know what my dreams are about.”

“I have an idea of what they might be, yes. I’d just like you to confirm them.” After a few moments with no sound, he got up from his seat and stepped forward towards Will, reaching his hand out to hold onto his face and lift it up, mirroring the action he’d done the week prior. He moved his face closer, Will could feel the air leaving Hannibal's body through his nose.

His eyes went from the psychiatrist's eyes down to his lips, the sudden and overwhelming feeling of arousal coming from Will's pants transferring over to Hannibal.

"Tell me, Will. What do you imagine me doing to you?" He whispered, he leaned forward and pressed his lips softly against Will's, which Will graciously accepted, putting his hand on Hannibal's neck to pull him in closer. He let out a soft breath as Hannibal left him but kept their faces close.

"Get up Will." he whispered to him, Will shakily lifted himself from the chair while keeping his eyes on Hannibal.

"What happens in these dreams you have?" he asked again while moving his hand over Will's shoulder.

"Fuck me." Will blurted out, Hannibal raised his eyebrows at the sudden statement.

"Are you telling me what you've been thinking about or are you telling me what to do?" Will smiled, "Both." He moved his hands onto Hannibal's belt. He grabbed onto Will's wrist, stopping him from going further.

"Eager boy. Undress yourself and get on the desk." He let go of Will's wrist so he would be able to take the cloth from covering his body. He slowly revealed the clear skin that kept him intact, releasing every inch until all of him was exposed. He got over to the desk and moved on top of it while leaning back, waiting for Hannibal to follow. After he took his place, presenting himself for the other man, Hannibal followed over and stood before the patient. He took Will's hand from resting on the table and wrapped it around his exposed erection, he let out a shaky breath at the touch. He moved their hands along the shaft then let go, leaving Will to do the work himself. He stepped back from him, watching him as he unbuttoned his shirt. Will's eyes moved over Hannibal's body as he undressed himself, letting out soft moans with every other stroke, enjoying the sight. He kicked his pants from his feet then stuck his thumbs behind the waistband of his boxers, Will's gaze fixed on his crotch, desperately wanting to see what Hannibals been hiding. He pushed them down releasing his growing erection. Will's mouth gaped at the sight of the psychiatrist's enormous dick, his grip getting tighter around his cock and quickening his pace. He walked over to his patient and placed an open palm on his thigh as he watched the movement of the others hand,

"You're beautiful, Will." He admired, Will groaned in response.

"Please, Hannibal. I need you inside me." He begged with a shaky breath, he was so close to knowing how he felt.

"Patience, dear, I'm enjoying the sight all too much." He told him in a low voice, though not quite low enough to be a whisper. He moved his hands to Will's chest, feeling around then reaching his nipples, he thumbed over them, seeing how they felt. Will moved his other hand that was not busy with pleasuring himself and held onto the doctor's shoulder for balance. Hannibal then took one between two fingers and pressed them closer, pinching him. He dug his fingernails into Hannibal's flesh at the sudden pleasure filled pain. He moved his mouth down to the hurt nipple and licked over it, a soft moan being heard from Will's lips, he tongued at the hard exposed nipple as his hand felt over the other one. He then took the one

his mouth was focused on and took it between his teeth, softly bit down, not wanting to cause too much harm.

“God- Hannibal, please.” He moaned, he licked back over the wounded bud then lifted his head from his chest.

“You’re going to have to be more specific than that.” he voiced into his ear while his hand continued to brush over his nipple.

“Fuck me against the desk… please.” He said. He moved his hands down and grabbed onto Will's hips and pulled him off the table, “Well since you asked so nicely.” he turned him around and slammed his chest into the wooden desk. He moved to his knees and gripped onto Will’s soft and plump thighs, he admired the skin beneath his hands, having wanted to know how it felt since he’d first met the man. He rubbed his hands over his thighs and up to his cheeks. He pulled them apart and licked over Will’s hole, receiving a shiver from the other in response. He lapped at his pink puckering hole, circling it and teasing it in different patterns, Will moved his hips further back, encouraging Hannibal with his movements and needing to get something inside him. He pressed his hands harder against Will, holding him back but then giving him the pleasure he was silently begging for, piercing his tongue inside him and getting a moan of approval from the action. He twisted his tongue inside him, curling it around.

“Fuck- Hannibal please- more.” He begged once more, it was all he needed to get what he wanted. “Such a polite boy, it’d be rude of me not to give you what you ask for.” He moved to his feet and walked around his desk to one of the drawers, pulling out a bottle of lube.

“You keep lube in your desk?”

“Of course, although I mostly use it as just regular lotion,” He walked back around and set the bottle on the table and squeezed some onto his fingers. He traced a finger along Will’s hole, teasing at the welcoming opening. He bent over him, pressing his chest against his cold exposed back, putting his lips in front of Will’s ear. “Don’t worry dear, you’re the first I’ve used this bottle with.” He whispered before biting onto the lobe and pressing one finger inside him, Will let out a moan at the insertion. He slowly moved his finger in and out of him, savoring the sounds that came from the other man’s gaped mouth. He moved his mouth down to his neck and kissed the sensitive skin. His kisses quickly turned to bites, nibbling at his flesh, the fresh metallic blood seeping into his mouth. Will whimpered at the tear of his flesh, at only having one finger inside him, at the weight being put on top of his body, at the man above him giving him the pleasure he longed for.

The feeling of only having one finger satisfying him was aggravating, he starved for more of Hannibal, he craved for his affection. “More, please.” He was able to moan out, Hannibal obliged and added a second finger. His moans grew louder at the stretch of his hole, Hannibal spread his fingers slightly to open him up more. “Pretty boy,” He said before quickly going back to biting at him, he licked over the wounds, savoring the taste of the red liquid leaking from the marks he’d created. The praise along with biting and the fingers pumping in and out of him made his hunger for Hannibal's cock grow. His fingers pressed back together as he added a third, they curled down as he motioned in and out of him. A cry of pleasure left Will’s mouth as the third finger entered him along with the digits rubbing over his prostate.

Hannibal smiled, he wanted to hear Will's moans everyday for the rest of his life. "Your voice is beautiful my dear." He slammed his head onto the table and wailed at the loving words. He slid his fingers out and Will softly cried at the emptiness, his breathing was heavy against the hard wood beneath him.

He turned his head to look over his abused shoulder trying to see what Hannibal was doing. He had gotten lube in his hand and spread it over his cock, rubbing over it and pleasing himself. Will dug his tooth into his lower lip at the sight, a small soft moan sneaking out. Hannibal smiled at the noise, knowing Will was looking in his path, paying attention to the movement of his hand against his ever growing length.

He stepped up to Will's open and begging hole, he moved his hand to his waist, it didn't take long for Will to have the feeling of Hannibal's slick cock pushing against him, forcing its way inside of him. He scraped his short fingernails against the hardwood with a loud angelic moan as the thick length squeezed inside him, invading what little space he had left. The sound that left his mouth and entered Hannibal's ears was absolutely euphoric.

The pleasure caused Will's hole to tighten and squeeze against Hannibal's cock, Hannibal groaned as the grip tightened around his cock. He slowly pulled out so just his head stayed inside Will then quickly pushing back inside, Will screamed as the pleasure washed over him in a wave of arousal. He repeated the motion over and over again causing the desk to be pushed forward slightly with every thrust, all the items on his desk struggling to stay put, some had already fallen to the ground but neither of them cared enough to give the items any attention.

He tightened his grip on Will's sides as he changed the angle of his hips, trying to find his sweet spot, and find it he did. He picked his hips up slightly and pulled him closer, quickening the speed of his thrusts. Will's mouth hung open preparing to create one of the loudest sounds he'd ever created. His legs shook under him, his cheeks abused from the harsh thrusts Hannibal sent him. He screamed a series of profanities- or at least that's what Hannibal assumed, he couldn't exactly tell what he was trying to say. Will's mind went foggy and even he didn't know what he was trying to say, just yelling random sounds that seemed like they could form words. His fingers scraped against Will's waist, sure to leave marks that only he would be allowed to see later on. He didn't want anyone else to lay a finger on Will, he was his. He wanted this day to be engraved in his memory, reminding him of how much pleasure Hannibal brought him, how he was able to give him what he wanted, obey his begs, give in to his every need. Will would indeed remember it, it's hard to forget about your psychiatrist bending you over his desk and fucking you so hard you forget how to talk.

He was on the verge of tears from the overwhelming sense of ecstatic pleasure, he could barely feel anything from the waist down besides the length of his psychiatrist abusing his insides.

"F-fuck, Hannibal- I'm gonna come-" Will whimpered as Hannibal continued to slap against him. He bent back over him, getting close to his ear again.

"Not yet, dear. I'll tell you when you can." he spoke softly into his ear which only made it harder for Will to contain himself. He whimpered and whined as Hannibal continued to not hold back on his thrusts and kissed over the wounds he had made previously.

“You’re mine, Will. You’re my beautiful boy, understand?” He broke out into a sob with tears streaming down his face as the words ‘beautiful boy’ left the other man's doughy loving lips “Y-yes,” he breathed out,

“You aren’t to let another person lay a finger on your beautiful body that isn’t me after today.” Hannibal's possessiveness was all-too arousing for Will, “Yes- god yes, I’m yours, all yours.” Hannibal bit down on his neck as a reward for giving the response he was looking for. He moaned through his cries, not knowing how long he’d be able to hold out for. His tears blurred his vision and his fingers had grown raw from scratching at the table with his short nails, his toes curled and his back arched from Hannibal’s giant cock being stabbed inside him- this was definitely better than in his imagination.

“Please Hannibal, I can't hold it in. P-please.” He begged, Hannibal licked back over the wounds “Just hold on a bit longer, mylimasis.” He groaned and threw his forehead onto the table. His eyes rolled to the back of his head and he was surprised he hadn’t passed out at this point, he continued to whine and inaudibly beg as Hannibal praised him and called him ‘beautiful’ and ‘precious’ and ‘mine’ along with others he couldn’t hear over his own moaning. All the stuff on the desk had either fallen off or been crumpled by Will’s hands, desperately grasping at anything to keep some sort of balance.

He leaned over Will once more, biting at his earlobe, he took one of the hands from Will’s hip and moved it to his aching and weeping cock as his sobs grew louder. “Come for me, darling.” He graciously commanded his love, Will did so, releasing himself into Hannibal's hand as stars blasted behind his eyes and fell from the desk to his knees, Hannibal’s still-hard-cock sliding out of him in the action.

He rested his head on Hannibal’s hip as he tried catching his breath, his whole body was limp and unmovable, water still streaming down his cheeks. Hannibal pet through Will’s soft brown curls, threading his fingers through his hair before grasping at a fist full of it and pulling his head back in order to see his face. He looked up at Hannibal, still stunningly beautiful, glistening with sweat and his silver hair falling in front of his face yet still maintaining style. “You’re gorgeous, my dear Will.” Will felt far from gorgeous in that moment, he felt a pathetic teary-eyed sweaty mess but he could tell Hannibal was being genuine, he was telling the truth, he truly found him gorgeous in that moment. He tried his best to put on a smile in response to the compliment but he could barely control the muscles in his face.

He tried gesturing for his clothes that sat on the floor a couple feet away but Hannibal tugged on his hair, pulling him back to him. “We’re not done yet darling.” Will sat confused on the floor, his face wet from sweat and tears. “Open your mouth.” Oh, he understood now. He smiled and opened wide, his tongue falling from his mouth, welcoming what came next. His cock glided across Will’s tongue as it slid down his throat, leaving a snail-trail of pre-cum along his pink swollen tongue, he pulled him back before thrusting him forwards again. His pre-cum now filled Will’s throat instead of remaining on his tongue, Will would remember the taste until their next session when he would be able to taste it again. He moved deeper and deeper into Will’s mouth with every thrust.

He pushed until Will’s nose nestled into the hairs above his dick, squeezing his eyes shut as the girth of Hannibal gagged and choked him. Once he was able to fit all of him inside Will’s mouth he started getting harsher against the back of his throat, charging at it with more force.

“You’re an amazing boy. you're my amazing boy.” Will whimpered, eyes starting to tear up again. He was gagging and drooling from the thick long cock pushing against him, he struggled to breath as Hannibal’s dick filled his entire mouth but he enjoyed the taste of him far too much to care. He would’ve let himself suffocate if it meant being Hannibal’s, being able to be taken over like this everyday for the rest of time. The strong grip on his hair tugged at his scalp, he groaned every time his hair was pulled back more, the stinging sensation being all too pleasurable. He came into the back of Will’s throat with one final push, coating it with his warm white viscous liquid. He pulled his softening cock from Will’s filled throat, Will swallowed what he could of the extract left in his mouth. He fell back when Hannibal's grip loosened from his hair, his chest heaved as his sweaty back rested against the carpet. Hannibal knelt down and put his hand on the side of his face and pushed it over to look at him,

“Are you alright Will?” He asked, Will smiled then let out a soft breath that resembled a laugh, he nodded his head. Hannibal smiled back, he guided Will’s head up and locked them together, setting their lips atop each others. They conjoined their foreheads as their lips parted,

“I’m all yours,”

Chapter End Notes

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